



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, MAY 8, 1830.

No. 25.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

THE ORPHANS.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

"How gentle is the death of the Christian!" thought Henry Arville, as he wiped the gathering dews from the cold forehead of his dying mother. Disease had rioted on her form with lingering triumph, and her free spirit had struggled long with the fetters of mortality. These fetters were at length dissolving, and the images of beatitude already floated in her tranced vision. Henry who had witnessed the slow wasting of life with wordless agony, rejoiced that the conflict was about to cease—rejoiced, did I say?—the language of earth has no name for the feelings of the mourner, when the bitterness of individual desolation is mingled with the assurance of consummated happiness for the lost object of affection. Henry had long known that the spirit of his mother held slight communion with the things of time—that, like the weary traveller, whose days of journeying are numbered, she lost the passing realities of the present in deep and exquisite visions of approaching home. Aspiring to a higher and more permanent union, even the imperishable ties of maternal love had ceased to bind her to life; and the prayer that went up in secret for the child of her hopes, embraced not the objects of decay. Her faded features were now lighted up with an unimaginable glow, like the reflection of light on the white folds of a stainless cloud—and when that glow had passed into the fixed serenity of death, Henry forgot for a brief season that he was yet left a habitant of the lonely earth. Few, however, are the souls that always hold communion with high and holy thought—young hearts are bound to life with sinuous chords; though lured for a time beyond its delusive influence, they are again drawn back to wrestle with its phantoms. When he had seen the form of his beloved

mother consigned as dust to dust, he then felt the deep desolation of the grave. The apartments hitherto gladdened by the light of her smile, were now fearfully void. He gazed on the vacant seat, and a cold shuddering convulsion of the heart passed over him. There were voices near him, but they came not on his ear in the soft tones of affection—and busy forms flitting around him—but he vainly sought the glance of a mother's love. Nay, the presence of a father for a moment called forth the trust of filial affection, but it was only for a moment; the manner of that father, even the sound of his voice, came with a sacrilegious dissonance over the chords of sorrow. Henry felt that he mourned alone—that even at this hour of mutual bereavement, the soul of his surviving parent had no affinity with his. The conviction was intensely painful; he shrunk from a presence that thus chilled the gushings of tenderness, and shuddered lest he should forget the respect due the author of his being. His health, already impaired by long confinement, gradually sunk under the influence of a morbid excitability; and desirous of rousing himself to exertion, he sought and obtained permission for a tour through the distant states. Arriving at a small village in — he found himself, for some days, unable to proceed. A slow fever had seized his frame, and forbade farther fatigue. He lodged at an inn in the village, and sometimes amused himself, as a relaxation from thought, with the children of the family. The day consecrated to devotion had arrived, and they prepared for their Sabbath-school. Even the playfulness of the children was now chastened with something of a holy cast, as the little group approached Henry and begged him to hear their exercises. "Will you not go with us?" said the youngest; and, unable to resist the artless appeal, our invalid immediately accompanied them. A few only were as yet assembled, but the attention of Henry was at once riveted by the young and lovely teacher. Her dress resembling, in its exquisite simplicity, the purest blossoms of spring, revealed a form of perfect

and delicate proportions. Her features, though regular, were of a marked and decided character. She was pale, but that paleness, contrasted with the deep shade of her dark and shining hair, and the long silken lashes that partially veiled the light of her clear blue eye, gave a yet stronger interest to a countenance of unearthly beauty. As the youthful flock dropped in, one by one, her features assumed an anxious expression, and she watched their entrance with evident intensity. Two lovely children at length entered, hand in hand. A sudden flush now tinged her cheek, a smile, a glance of unutterable import, welcomed the little strangers. They approached and flung their arms silently around her neck. There was no sound, not even a breath to break the deep quiet of the school—but to the soul of Henry there was something in this simple scene that spoke a language of high and sacred feeling. The interesting teacher commenced her labours, and the soft melody of her voice gave a peculiar pathos to the accents of instruction. At length, addressing the children, whose fate was apparently concerned with her own, she required their tasks. 'We have learned the Orphan's Hymn,' they replied; and the youngest, instinctively folding her little hands, repeated:

"Oh thou! who hearest the raven's cry,
And mark'st the sparrow's fall—
Wilt thou not hear, from thy far blue sky,
The orphan's bitter call?

The grave our hearts has for ever barr'd
From the deepest love of earth—
But we come, in our need, to thee, oh Lord!
Who gave our spirits birth.

The tones that have soothed our wants are still—
But we wait thy still small voice—
And our hearts, though gloomy, and low, and chill,
In thy light may yet rejoice.

For a shield, from the storms of our future path,
To thee, in trust, we come;
Preserve us, Lord, from their fearful scath,
And fit us for thy high home!"

As the child proceeded, the young woman raised her downcast eyes to heaven, as if mentally sharing the prayer. For a moment a tear trembled on her lashes—the next it had passed away like an exhaled dew-drop, and the light of holy trust rested on her features in its stead. Henry left the scene with impressions never to be effaced. As he walked thoughtfully back to the inn, he was joined by the village pastor, who had closed with prayer the exercises of the school. Hearts of the same tone blend at once like corresponding music. The attenuated form of young Arville, his interesting countenance, deeply marked with melancholy thought, all were calculated to awaken an immediate interest in the heart of the benevolent Harley.

'I fear,' said the venerable old man, as they at length separated, 'I fear that an inn can scarcely afford you the quiet so necessary to an invalid—your society would be a most

welcome accession to my small family circle; come then and stay with us till returning health enables you to proceed.'

Henry might have hesitated, but the half-formed scruples of delicacy, were at once obviated by the manner of Mr. Harley; and early on the following day he became an inmate of a house peculiarly fitted as a sanctuary for broken hearts. It was the mansion of peace, of piety, of love—a scene of holy quietude, where the spirit of its inhabitants might hold a bright and continual Sabbath. Henry was received by Mr. Harley in his study. Reserve was banished—they conversed with the freedom of friends. The scene of the Sabbath-school was adverted to, and Henry spoke of its young and interesting teacher. 'She is an orphan,' replied Mr. Harley to his implied inquiries, 'and the little girls that clung so fondly around her are her sisters. They lost their parents while Malvina, the eldest, was yet a mere child, but even then she seemed to assume the high duties of a mother. They were left exposed to all the ills of penury. Their father's little property was utterly wasted away by the unavoidable expenditure of a long—long illness. He had, however, in his better days been the friend of the unfortunate, and the bread he had cast upon the waters, was found by his orphan children in the hour of their extremity. The two younger were taken into separate families, and cherished with all the tenderness their various circumstances allowed. Malvina meanwhile had already evinced an energy of character that annulled the intended humanity of proffered protection. She became a member of my family, but, in receiving her, I only added a treasure to my household. Her habits of industry—her intuitive skill in all the various branches of domestic usefulness—her powers of mind—her gentleness—her piety—must have rendered her a welcome inmate in the dwelling of avarice. Her sorrows were deep; the affections of her heart rolled silently indeed, but with a measureless depth, and no longer divided by the several relations of life, they were drawn exclusively to her sisters. She felt their desolation more strongly than her own, and wailed their severance from each other more deeply than the stroke which had unavoidably separated them. Yet she mourned in silence, and a slight observer would have thought her perfectly happy. Joyfully would I also have taken the bereaved little ones beneath my roof, but the small salary afforded by a needy flock, sets but narrow limits to the office of humanity. As time rolled on, the industry of Malvina enabled her to add something to their support, meanwhile she sought every measure of forming their young minds to virtue and devised various means of instructing them, without lessening the little services which they owed their kind protectors. She became an active agent in the establishment of a Sabbath-school, and has since continued

unwearied in the performance of its sacred duties. Absorbed, however, as is every recollection of herself in the deep solicitude of the sister, she neglects no offices which my family might claim, were she bound to us by the strongest ties of kindred, love, and gratitude. To Mrs. Harley and myself she supplies the place of an affectionate child; and, indeed, her filial tenderness is the solace of all our domestic cares. Were her strength of earth, she must prematurely sink beneath the intensity of exertion—but I trust in her support, for it is the strength of Omnipotence.'

Henry heard this little tale with deep interest; and when, a short time afterwards, he was presented to Malvina, he beheld her with those high and exquisite emotions, that an evening sky, radiant with light and beauty, awakens in the soul of feeling.

'So young,' thought Arville, as he gazed at her mild but pensive countenance, 'so young, and yet so settled in the practice of virtue!' and as if his soul was already familiar with exalted sentiment, he felt himself still further purified from the dross of human frailty, by the converse of this daughter of penury. Their spirits were indeed congenial, and whether they chatted on the light topics of the day, or dwelt on the high interests of futurity—whether they knelt in prayer, or lifted up their voices in the evening or morning hymn—the same tone of feeling was awakened in either heart. A week passed away, and the health of Arville was much improved—a second was gone and he could no longer claim the immunities of sickness. Pursued he then his journey with alacrity? Far otherwise? Feeling of mortality, visions of earthly origin, had at length mingled with the pure and passionless homage of virtue. The evening preceding his intended departure passed away gloomily. Malvina was absent, having been called to attend her youngest sister, who was suddenly taken ill; and Arville, restless and dissatisfied with himself, stole silently away, and strolled he knew not whither. Passing at length the open door of a small farm-house, he beheld the form of Malvina. His whole frame thrilled with emotion, and the next moment he stood on the threshold. She was kneeling beside a pallet, and was for some time unconscious of his approach. Her hair had fallen in rich masses over her shoulders, and her attitude developed the graceful flexure of her bending figure. Arville at length uttered her name, and a languid smile crossed her features at beholding him. He advanced, and enquiring for the little sufferer, learned that she was somewhat better. Still he lingered, though unbidden, and a long silence succeeded.

Malvina, absorbed in watching the slumbers of her sister, became again unconscious of every other object; and while she gazed on the pale and sunken features of the child,

Henry read the deep conflict of her heart but too well. It was a moment of uncontrollable excitement. He approached her.

'Malvina,' he said, 'pardon this abrupt disclosure of sentiments I can no longer dissemble. To leave you thus is impossible; the deep, deep interest you have awakened in my soul, renders me more than a sharer of your sorrows. I know them all—I understand, I revere the source from which they spring. Suffer me then to look forward to the period when I may in some degree control your future fate—when Malvina and her orphan sisters shall have the same home, the same guardian; when it shall be my task to render that home the seat of confidence and happiness—oh! deign to tell me if I may cherish this hope; if I may leave you but to seek the approval of my father, and return to receive my trust!'

Henry paused, but Malvina seemed unable to reply. She pressed her hand on her white forehead, and her delicate frame trembled with emotion.

'Pardon my vehemence,' continued Henry, 'I would not extort the promise that even delicacy alone withheld. I will leave you, but my purpose is fixed. To Mr. Harley, as your best earthly friend, I shall immediately appeal for sanction to my views, and then, Malvina, I trust to obtain your decision.'

He rose, but Malvina now detained him. She was deadly pale, and there were traces on her countenance of some strange emotion resembling the last movement of troubled waters when the cause that ruffled them has disappeared for ever.

'Stay,' she said, and her voice was completely calm, 'I may not suffer you to go under the influence of delusion. Gratefully as I must feel the high distinction you offer me, highly as I value your friendship, our fates can never be united.'

Henry stood motionless, as if a sudden blight had passed over him. There was a solemnity in her manner that carried the conviction of an irrevocable sentence. Caprice could have no part in a character like hers, and Henry felt that his fate was sealed. The few broken and passionate sentences that followed, served only to elicit the confirmation of his wretchedness. The dignity of his character, however, regained its ascendant, and that tempest of feeling subsided. He took the hand of Malvina and pressed it to his lips.

'Farewel, lovely and amiable girl! I go to forget the visions of gladness I had but too presumptuously cherished—but not the virtues that inspired them. I shall treasure up your image as the awakener of holy thoughts, and whatever may be my individual fate, my deepest prayer will embrace your happiness.' Then, kneeling for a moment, and kissing the cheek of the little slumberer, he fervently added, 'may heaven restore thee, to share the virtues of thy guardian sister.'

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS JOURNAL.

THE SUDDEN MATCH.

The heedlessness and desperation with which mortals rush into enterprises where life is uselessly endangered, the insanity which leads a man to stand up and be shot at, in atonement for the insults he has received, are powerful sarcasms on the weakness of human nature; but to me they are far less inexplicable, than the thoughtless haste with which multitudes rush into matrimony. I do not mean thoughtlessness on the score of pecuniary affairs; for I believe the old fashioned creed, that an early union with a virtuous and discreet wife, is likely to make a man richer, as well as happier, than he would otherwise be. But what can be hoped, where there is total want of knowledge and reflection concerning principles, habits, suitableness of character, and mutual affection?

One of the loveliest and noblest girls I ever knew, fell a victim to this sort of imprudence. Her father's large mansion and highly cultivated farm are directly in sight from my library window; and they seldom meet my eye without recalling her youthful figure to my mind. Her beauty was brilliant and peculiar. She was dazzlingly fair; and there was a glorious light of expression all over her face, as if the brightness of an invisible angel were forever reflected upon it. Her beauty was decidedly *foreign*—altogether like a rich picture, which an enamored artist had worshipped into life. Yet of gracefulness, both of thought and movement, she had even more than of beauty.

'Her form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mein and motion,
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean.'

Above all women I ever saw, she had a strong and deep capacity for pure, disinterested love. Her mind was vigorous and manly,—but a stranger to all disorderly dreams of liberty and power; for her thoughts and theories took their coloring from her heart.

At nineteen she was engaged to a young man apparently worthy of her; and her friends warmly approved the choice. It was not until the arrangements for her wedding were nearly completed that she discovered herself to be a second object of affection, and that her forsaken rival was fading under disappointment and weariness of heart. Her high romantic feelings recoiled at this.—A mortal foot had intruded upon the fairies, and her dreams were gone forever! The young man, abashed at her eloquent admonitions, returned to his first love, from whom excessive beauty had enticed; and their union proved a happy one. As for the young Octavia, her spirits were for a while upborne by the consciousness of having acted nobly; but love, with its dreamy excitements, and all-engrossing tenderness, had awakened affections, that would not again return to the sealed caverns of the soul. Octavia was active and energetic,—her mind and heart ever busy in some scheme of improvement and be-

nevolence; but those who had known her intimately saw that all this was done with effort. A journey was proposed; and in a few months Octavia was at the Springs, amid the dangerous influence of flattery and fashion. In six weeks she returned, engaged! She who had reflected so much and so wisely on the chances of domestic happiness, had suddenly promised herself to a man, of whose principles and disposition she knew nothing. 'After all, it is but a lottery,' she said, 'and if I inquired and reasoned a year, I might be deceived.' I neither liked nor believed this doctrine; for I thought a tolerable share of discrimination would enable a careful observer to detect the real character through the most studied drapery of art. Moreover, I did not like the gentleman. He was a courtly and polished favorite of the drawing room; but there was a vindictive fire in his eye, and practised graciousness about his mouth, that, to me, indicated an ill-tempered and selfish man. Octavia's father knew him to be of goodly parentage, and possessed of a competent fortune; and as he made no objection, they were soon after married, with much of the 'pomp and circumstance' of fashion.

Three months after, I visited Octavia. Something of painful embarrassment marked her very kind reception of me; and during my stay, I could not but observe she never spoke of her husband, except in the most casual way. Her manner toward him was submissive and gentle; but it seemed like the sweet resignation of a martyr. He was seldom at home; and when there, his conduct was cold and selfish in the extreme. Once when she began to read a new book with much eagerness, he begged her to lay it aside, as he wished to have the pleasure of reading it first himself. Another time when she was very ill, she dropped at his feet a handkerchief, on which she had poured some Cologne; but he looked at it without moving. I arose and gave the handkerchief to my friend. She coloured like crimson; and raising her eye to mine, she burst into tears. Poor girl! I knew the misery of a heart that had thus involuntarily poured forth its waters of bitterness! We never spoke on the subject; but from that day I resolved to warn all young ladies against marrying a man whom they had known only six weeks—and that too at the Springs!

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

ELOQUENT AMERICANS.

PATRICK HENRY.—Patrick Henry of Virginia, was a natural orator, as some gifted speakers are called whose eloquence seems spontaneous, and is impassioned and free from the trammels of rules. It is said that he was a self-educated man, whose manner was his own, and was blessed with the power of utter-

ance beyond most of those who had been taught in the groves of the academy. He felt deeply and made others feel. His flashes of eloquence gave an electric shock to the audience; and these were managed with great skill, and repeated at his will; or by some sudden transition he let down his hearers to a common tone of feeling, by the most felicitous illustrations or playful similes. He was, however, more powerful in raising apprehensions than in allaying them. His eloquence was supported by his patriotism, and what in the warmth of debate he said he would do, he followed up in the coolness of reflection; and if not as powerful, was as fearless with his sword as with his tongue. His eloquence was not elaborate, nor his speeches long. His audience easily understood him, and his speech was always ended before any part of them were tired of hearing him. His patriotism and his eloquence have had ample justice done them by his learned biographer.

JAMES MADISON.—Another of the same State, Mr. Madison exhibited a different style of eloquence. He had no passion, no majesty of tone, no vehement gestures, nothing of that war-horse spirit of his coadjutor, Patrick Henry; his was the smooth, but manly current of thought. It was philosophy, reasoning upon rights, and explaining duties, and teaching his hearers how to prepare for exigences. He saw all things in a clear light, without enthusiasm or agitation. His speaking resembled his writing; his lines were all straight, his letters uniformly made, his spelling accurate, and his punctuation perfect. He was never off his guard; but self-possessed, he spoke until he was satisfied that he was fully understood, and then he left his arguments to work out their proper effect, without showing any anxiety for himself or them; perhaps there never was a man who spoke so often that spoke so much to the purpose as Mr. Madison. His eloquence was one of those deep, silent, regular-flowing rivers, that has no narrows, shoals, or cataracts, but winds its way in peace and dignity to the ocean. He possessed such an equanimity of temper, that he was always ready for debate, and always acquitted himself well; and if he did not rise so high in his eloquence, at times, as those who wait for inspiration, he never, like them, was liable to disappoint his hearers by inane voices, when the spirit ceased to agitate them.—Mr. Madison is still living, the Nestor among orators.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—The eloquence of Alexander Hamilton differed from the preceding orators we have named. He arose deeply impressed with his subject; and often in the outset, seemed a little agitated, a slight tinge of modesty crossed his cheek, but it was only the fear of himself, the only fear of a man of genius and learning can ever have, when master of his subject. He made as few points in his case as possible, stated these in a clear and forcible manner, and spread them before

the assembly, court, or jury, with great perspicuity and elegance. He never descended below the dignity of argument to catch popular applause, nor ever suffered himself to be borne away from the course of his reasonings by irritation and passion. There was temperance, method, and judgment in all his speeches; and when he closed, there was nothing to mend, and but little to add. But the great charm of his eloquence, after all, was the conviction, in every mind, of the speaker's sincerity; there was a window in his breast, and all the pulses of his heart were distinctly seen, beating in the regular movements of honour. His eloquence was fascinating as well as commanding; his person was not large, but dignified and graceful. The compass of his voice was extensive; its tones were not loud nor vociferating, but his enunciation was so clear that he had the advantage over many, in the largest assemblies, whose lungs were much stronger than his. No one, whatever might be his grade of intellect, ever heard him without delight; and no good judge, without feeling that he had been listening to a gentleman, a scholar, and a patriot, as well as an orator. He died in the prime of manhood; and the tears of his friends and political enemies trickled together on his grave as a tribute to the mighty dead.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS.—Gouverneur Morris was a splendid orator. His mind was prolific, his fancy excursive, and his information extensive. He had read books attentively, but men more thoroughly. He was well acquainted with French literature and the Academicians, and had caught something of their animation and literary fervor. His figures were beautiful, his sentimental touches delicate and thrilling. No orator ever made a more successful lunge at the heart than Morris, for he pierced at will. If Hamilton was the Xenophon among our intellectual lights, as he has been called, for the neatness, purity, and perspicuity of his productions, surely his friend, Gouverneur Morris, ought to be called the Isocrates among them. He had the same splendour of imagination, and poised his sentences with the same art that is seen in the orations of 'the old man eloquent.' Morris's eloquence was well suited to the deliberative assembly, and to those occasions in which the heart is deeply interested. His oration over the body of Hamilton is admirable. At that moment when the bleeding corse was before the eyes of his countrymen, and a nation's moans were wafted on every wind from north to south, from east to west, through the country; when almost any extravagance would have been tolerated in this paroxysm of mind; for at this event the deep lamentations of the soul were commingled with the breath of execration, and there is no wild fire like this; yet then the pathos of the author was subdued, chastened, and harmonized to the mild and hallowed doctrines of Christianity;—such exhibitions are the tri-

umph of the god-like art, of controlling tempers and of conquering hearts.

He lived in republican struggles; in the sunshine of royalty; in the uproar of popular fury; and then in the calm of personal safety and national tranquillity; and from all drew lessons of experience, and through all carried the sound discretion of a high minded man.

FISHER AMES.—Fisher Ames has been, perhaps, more celebrated as an orator than any other American, except Patrick Henry; but it is not our object to make comparisons between our distinguished men who have graced the annals of our eloquence. The person of Ames was tall, thin, and interesting: his face was not what might be called handsome, but agreeable, and full of soul. The style of his eloquence was flowing, warm and copious, and certainly partook more of the Roman than of the Greek orator. His manner was bland but earnest, and his whole demeanor calculated to attract the attention of all eyes. His voice was musical and he had the command of it from the highest to the lowest note, and in all its variations it was free from monotony or false tone; for a sweet voice he had less of sibilation than most of our orators, an evil that foreigners complain of in our language. His imagination was creative, and at his bidding new scenes arose, new beings lived, increased as he chose, and faded away at his will. He struck his hand across the chords of the hearts of his audience, and all was harmonious to his touch. But the plaintive measures were most congenial to his mind; he had nothing dark or sullen in his constitution, but there was a soft and gentle gloom that often intermingled with the light of his mind, which gave the shade of the sanctuary to the outpourings of his heart. He mourned to think that he could not fully impress on the minds of others what he forboded for his country; the common fault of a sensitive patriot. The diseases of his corporeal frame entered deeply into his mind; and amid troublesome times he mingled dark auguries for the nation. He saw, in his imagination, the myrmidons of France sweeping over his country with rapine, fire and dagger, and the conflagration of cities filled his eyes, and the screams of ravished virgins his ears.

His countrymen seemed to him in a state of amazing apathy; and he grew almost frantic at the thought; but he mistook their cool brave and persevering character, for want of discernment and feeling. His warning appeals, as he thought them, were all wasting on the winds, although every one listened to him with profound respect and admiration. His friends and neighbours flocked around him as a being of wonderful powers and superior sagacity; but from their habits of reasoning for themselves, they thought that all these evils might not come, and they would wait the providence of God in this as in other things; but the honour and honesty of the great man they never doubted, for he was to

them an angel of light; crowded with all his gloomy thoughts for his country, he sunk to the grave; but his admirers never lost one particle of their veneration for the genius and virtues of the man.—*Knapp's Lectures on American Literature.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMULET.

AVARICE.

If we con over the dark catalogue of the miseries of man, how great a proportion will be found to be the result of this baneful passion. What people's our state prisons—what fills our penitentiaries? Avarice. What locks up every noble and generous sentiment of the soul, and chills even friendship and love? Gold—which, like a Gorgon's head, turns the heart to stone.

What clouds the brow—what blanches the cheek—what wrinkles the forehead—what petrifies the heart? Plutus and Mammon will answer. Where hath the sun of consolation never shone? In the miser's bosom. Who has never received the homage of an unbought smile? Who hath blood in his eyes and upon his hands, but none in his heart? The lover of gold.

When the stealing sands of our numbered hours are well nigh finished—when the soul seems to quiver upon the lip, where then is the omnipotent power of gold? What though the dreary passage to the tomb be paved with glittering diamonds—will it not still be called the 'dark valley of the shadow of death?' Point the trembling, shivering soul to the overflowing coffers, wrung, perchance, from the hard hand of poverty, or wrested from the lone widow and helpless orphan—and would this remove a single thorn from the pillow of the dying? would this bestrew his rugged pathway with flowers? would the consciousness of his vast possessions add one more pulse to his palpitating heart?

A long horse.—A traveller who rode a horse of very large size, and especially of uncommon length, lately stopped at a public house in the western part of Massachusetts, and ordered his steed to be put into the stable. Feeling anxious for the comfort of his four-footed companion, he afterwards inquired of the hostler if he had put up his horse as he directed. 'Why yes,' said Currycomb, 'I've put up *one eend* of him.' 'One eend of him!' exclaimed the traveller, and what have you done with the other eend, as you call it?' 'Why, hang me,' said the hostler, 'if I could get the whole of him into the stable, so I left the other eend *out in the orchard.*'

A countryman from Kentucky offering a horse for sale in Charleston, S. C. lately, several young men went to quiz him. After several

impertinent questions, one asked, 'why sir, what makes your horse laugh so?' The owner replied, 'he is only smiling at having discovered his mistake in supposing himself among gentlemen.'

Pleasant Anecdote.—'In painting,' says Iba Batuta, who travelled into China, in the fourteenth century, 'none come near the Chinese.' In proof of this he relates a pleasant anecdote; 'I one day entered into one of their cities for a moment; some time after I had occasion again to visit it, and what should I see upon its walls, and upon papers stuck up in its streets, but pictures of myself and of my companions! This is constantly done with all who pass through their towns. And should a stranger do any thing to make a slight necessary, they would send out his picture to all the provinces, and he would be in consequence detected.'—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclop.*

A shopkeeper, at Doncaster, had by his conduct, obtained the name of 'the little rascal.' Being asked why this appellation had been given him, he replied, 'to distinguish me from the rest of my trade here, who are all great rascals.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1830.

Montgarnier's Poems.—Proposals have been issued by the author, for publishing in New-York, a selection from the fugitive poetical writings which have from time to time appeared in the public prints under the signature of Montgarnier.

PROSPECTUS OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY, OR BOWER OF LITERATURE;

Embellished, Quarterly, with a Handsome Engraving;

DEVOTED exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, Notices of New Publications, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

The character and design of this popular periodical being generally known, it having been published nearly six years and received a respectable and widely extended share of public patronage, and as it must be acknowledged to be one of the cheapest journals extant, the publisher deems it unnecessary in his proposals for publishing another volume, to say more than that it will continue to be conducted upon the same plan and afforded at the same low rate, that he has reason to believe has hitherto given satisfaction to its numerous patrons.

His exertions to render the Repository a pleasing and instructive visitor will still be unremitting; and as its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals, with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Seventh Volume (Third Vol. NEW SERIES) will commence on the 5th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. No subscription received for less than one year.

PREMIUMS.

THE following premiums will be allowed to Post-Masters, Editors of Papers and others, who will act as agents for the Repository. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Twenty Dollars, shall receive twenty five copies for one year—reducing the price to EIGHTY CENTS per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty-Five Dollars, shall receive thirty-one copies and a set of *Sturm's Reflections* for every Day in the Year, plainly but handsomely bound.

That we may the sooner, and the more accurately, determine on the number of copies necessary for us to print the ensuing year, as an incentive to present exertions on the part of those who are disposed to assist us in obtaining subscribers, we offer the following additional premiums:—To the first person who shall remit us Twenty Dollars, one copy of *The Token* for 1830, containing thirteen elegant engravings—to the second who shall remit us Twenty Dollars, the first and second volume, new series, of the Repository, or any other two volumes we have on hand, bound or unbound, as may suit the convenience of the competitor, and the same number of volumes to the first who shall remit Fifteen Dollars;—To the first person who shall remit Twenty-Five Dollars, one copy of *The Souvenir* for 1830, containing twelve elegant engravings—to the second, the first and second volume, new series, of the Repository;—To the first person who shall remit Thirty Dollars, one copy of *The Talisman*, containing twelve elegant engravings, extra copies in the same ratio with those who shall remit twenty, or twenty-five, and the set of *Sturm*, and first and second volume, new series, handsomely bound and gilt—the second, who remits Thirty Dollars, the same with the exception of *The Talisman*.

The successful competitors can have their books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscription to be sent by the 1st of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the Publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, corner of Warren and Third-Streets.

Hudson, April 24, 1830.

IF EDITORS, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive our present volume or the third, old series, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr Loomis, Mr. Wm. H. Harder, to Miss Margaret Hagadorn.

At Sheldon, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. H. Wallace, Smith H. Salisbury, editor of the Buffalo Republican, to Mrs. Flora Case, eldest daughter of Deacon Theophilus Humphrey of Sheldon.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 1st inst. Erastus Stannard, son of Jeremy R. Dudley, aged 15 months.



POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH BED.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Like thee to die, thou Sun!—my boy-hood's dream
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory!—yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings:—Oh for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet Love's fervent farewell gaze;
Some breast to pillow Life's last agony;
Some voice, to speak of Hope and brighter days,
Beyond the pass of shadows!—But I go,
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
Mingles its feelings while ye speak of me:
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Far, far away! And oh! your parting prayer!
Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there?
It will!—a blessing on that holy hearth!
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;
Young brother, fare thee well!—on each dear head,
Blessing and love a thousand fold be shed.
My soul's last earthly breathings!—May your home
Smile for you ever!—May no winter come,
No world between your hearts!—May even your tears,
For my sake, full of long remembered years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond!—I may not sleep
Amidst our Fathers, where those tears might shine
Over my slumbers! yet your love will keep
My memory living in th' ancestral halls,
Where shame hath never trod. The dark night falls,
And I depart. The brave are gone to rest,
The brothers of my combats; on the breast
Of the red field they reaped;—their work is done—
Thou, too, art set—farewel; farewel thou Sun!
The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

TO A STAR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Wonderful, yet familiar! fadeless gem,
Set by the hand of angels, in the arch
Of the eternal heaven! how beautiful
Thy soft light resteth on the unquiet sea,
That gathereth up its waves, as if the winds
Of yesterday were prisoned in its depths,
And struggling to be free!

The hazy clouds,
Pale relics of the recent storm, have drawn
Their thin, grey shadows out upon the sky,
And curtained in its beauty. Thou alone
Lookest upon the darkness. The great wave
That cometh upward to the guarded shore,
With its eternal thunder, hath received
Thy solitary beam, yet pauses not
In its mad turbulence. So have I seen
The light of woman's love, poured out upon
The darkness of man's soul, yet hushing not
The tempest of its passions,—a blest beam
Crossing the troubled surges of the mind,
Like moonlight glimpsing on a sky of storm.

Sole watcher of the heavens! I have not learned
Chaldea's mystic faith, yet thou dost seem
The emblem of a solitary heart,
Companionless like mine. No kindred star
Falleth upon the waters, like the love
Of a young heart upon the hollow world,
Unanswered, unregarded.

WOMAN,

'Heaven's last best gift to man.'

When starlight gilds the brow of night,
And zephyrs softly sigh,
The orb that shines with brightest light,
Attracts the seaman's eye;
But should the angry winds come forth
And waves more rudely jar,
He turns at once towards the north;
For there's his guiding star.
And thus, though pleasure's circean power
Awhile the breast may thrill,
Whene'er the storms of sorrow lower
We turn to woman still.
Her love's a light whose constant beam
Illumes life's stormy years,
Sheds o'er the heart a sunny gleam,
And gilds our very tears.
This earth till gentle woman smiled
And back its darkness rolled
Like snow on some untrodden wild,
Was pure, but oh! how cold!
Our hearts are lit by woman's eyes,
As stars light up the sea;
Her love their vital warmth supplies,
Her voice their melody.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A-musing,—B-coming,—D-lighting,—
N chanting.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is quick-silvered.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is procured from the body of swine,
Which causes great thirst and consumption of wine,
My second's a sea by a nation pronounced,
Whose force once by England was fear'd and announc'd,
My all's an instrument that chiefly supports
The craft of mechanics of numerous sorts.

II.

Take me entire, my salutary juice
In medicine will prove of sovereign use;
Divide me,—that does such a change create,
I'm found pure water in a double state.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Just received and for sale at Ashbel Stoddard's Book-
Store an assortment of Garden Seeds, of the growth of
1829, raised by one of the most experienced Gardeners
in the United States, and of the best kinds now intro-
duced in this County—they are warranted pure and
unmixed, equal to any seeds now in market.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One
Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM
B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office
and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and
Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may
be left, or transmitted through the post office.

☐ All Orders and Communications must be post paid
to receive attention.